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DECEMBER, 1932

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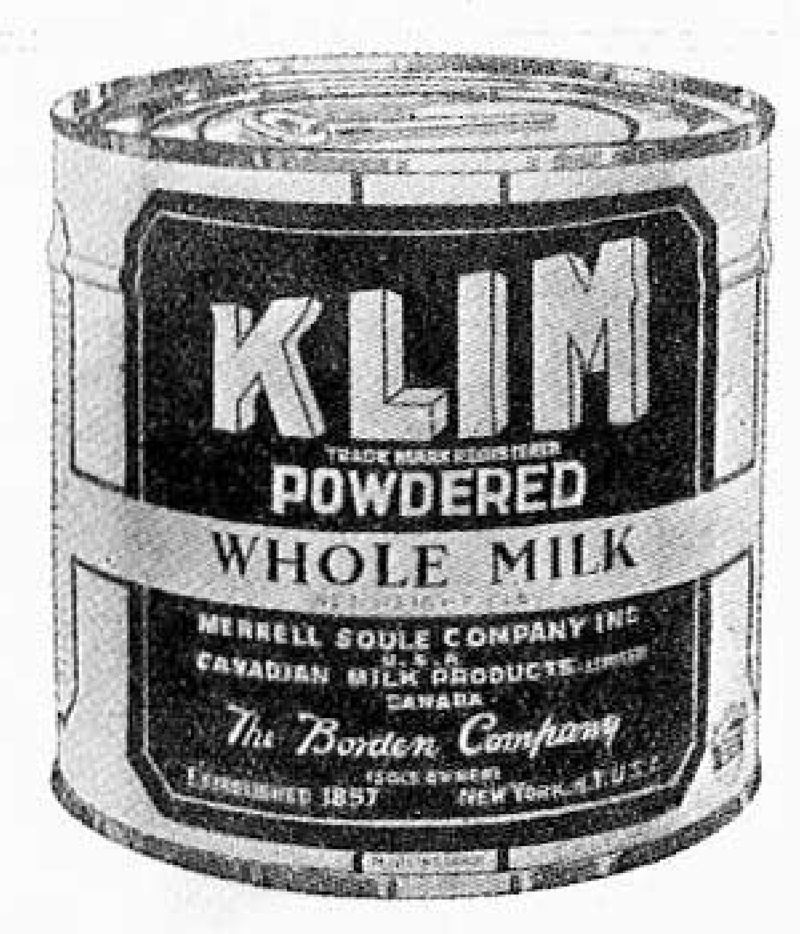
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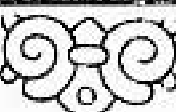
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"THE FORWARD"

SAINT JOSEPH COLLEGE

(ESTABLISHED 1888)

85 BLUFF

YOKOHAMA—JAPAN

TELEPHONE 2-(1144) CABLE ADDRESS: "COLLEGE"

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PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY DURING THE SCHOOL TERM BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE.

SUBSCRIPTION ¥1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES, CONSULT THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

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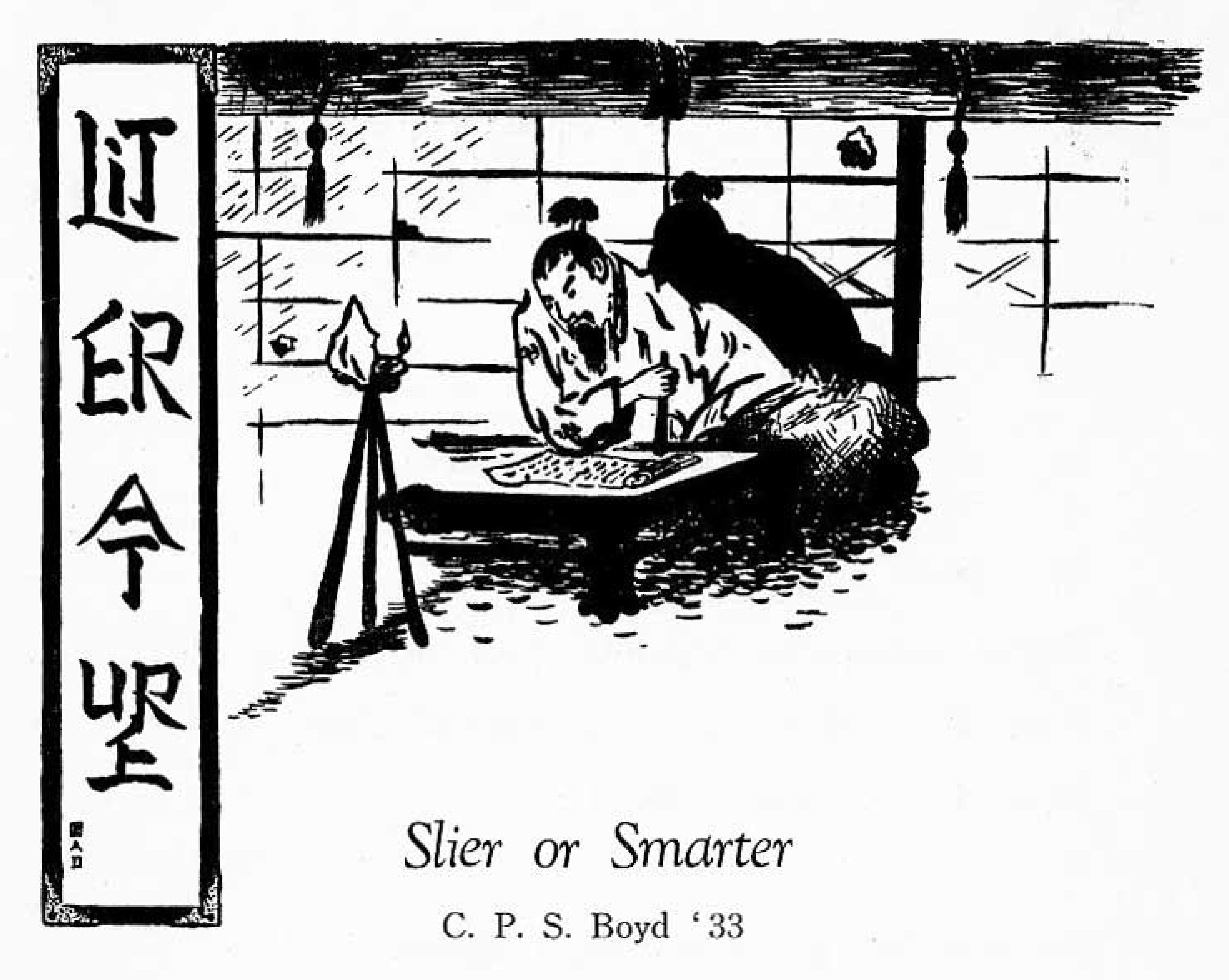
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A Christmas Wish

The Star of Bethlehem shone bright,
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
And Wise Men by its wondrous light
Were led to where He lay:

As o'er the years its light shines still,
So may His Christmas Message fill
Your heart with peace and deep good will
Upon this Christmas Day!



Slier or Smarter

C. P. S. Boyd '33

THE sole occupants of the railway waiting room were two men and a tired-looking waitress. The two men, just chance acquaintances, were passing away the time in a friendly argument.

"So you think that any one can develop a good memory?" said the fussy little man in plus-fours.

"With practice and patience, yes," replied his companion, a tall man with horn-rimmed glasses. "Take, for example, my own case. For years I have made a hobby of memorizing dates, facts, poetry—anything. Today it is nothing for me to repeat from memory—say a newspaper article—after reading it once."

"Oh, I say!" chided "Plus-Fours," with a tolerant smile. "Do you want me to swallow that?"

"Yes, I know it sounds a bit tall," replied "Horn-rimmed Glasses" coolly, "but it's true, nevertheless. Anyway the matter can soon be put to test. Coming down in the train this morning I read a short story." He produced a copy of a popular magazine and handed it to his companion. "In there you will find a story called "A Light in the Wood." I don't bet as a rule, but in

this case I will bet you ten "bucks" that I can repeat that story word for word."

Mr. "Plus-Fours" turned the pages of the magazine until he found the story in question, and noted that it ran for six pages.

"Go ahead!" he said with a grin.

"Hum! hum! The night was black and the wind sighed weirdly through the ancient pines surrounding the Bellemont Castle, as the sinister figure of a man stepped out from some bushes and advanced stealthily up the drive."

The monotonous tones of the narrator continued for some twenty minutes, with only occasional halts when "Horn-rims" wrestled with darkness for some half-forgotten word or sentence. At last, however, he turned to his companion with an inquiring look, "Well?"

"You win," was the dry reply.

Wearing a puzzled look, "Plus-Fours" lit a new cigarette. Presently he smiled. "Well," he said, "you've certainly got me beaten at memory stunts, but I fancy I can show you something almost as good."

He relit his cigarette and continued: "You may not think so by the looks of my eyes, but I am remarkably long-sighted. I don't want to brag, but my eyes have been likened to telescopes. For instance, I can stand at one end of this room and read something in small print at the other end."

"You must have good sight if you can do that," said "Horn-rimmed Glasses" doubtfully.

"I see you are skeptical," said "Plus-Fours." "I don't blame you. Most people would be. You need a proof, sir? Then you shall have it. Let's see now—ah! I've got it. You and I have never met before today, so I cannot possibly know your name. Very well, then. Write your name very small on a piece of paper, hold the paper against the wall at the far end of the room, and I will read it from here."

"Will my card do?" inquired Mr. "Horn-rims" quietly.

"Fine," agreed the companion. "Now, what about another little bet, say fifteen this time?"

"That'll do," said "Horn-rims" quietly. He walked to the far end of the room, produced a card from his pocketbook and held it against the wall.

"Hold it a little more towards the window," said "Plus-Fours" presently. The other did so.

"That is better," went on "Plus-Fours." "James—James something—James Harrington," he announced.

"Horn-rims" handed him the card without a word. The name on it was—"John Smith."

"Plus-Fours" went a bright red.

"Have another bet?" said the winner consolingly. "It will have to be done quickly," he added as he heard the noise of an incoming train. A minute later, with a smile, he entered an empty car. "Good business," he chuckled. "Wonder how long it will take that fool to realize that 'James Harrington' is only my pen-name!"

Discontent

F. Savory '33

WHEN a horse balks, the trouble is not with his legs but with his head. The disconted man is afflicted mentally but not physically. He is dissatisfied with his surroundings, his position, his friends, his relatives; he wants to get away from these and seek a more congenial spot—a spot where he will be content. It is certain that such a man will never find that spot.

"Discontent is the lack of self-reliance; it is infirmity of the will," so says Emerson; and beyond a doubt he is right. Discontent breeds open rebellion, jealousy, self-pity; and this last, melancholia. A man rebellious of his circumstances is not a happy man; a human being afflicted with self-pity, is a still more unhappy man. He has lost hope in life and settled down to brood.

The trouble with him is that discontent has filled his mind to the exclusion of all desire of trying again to turn his imagined failure into success.

St. Paul, the great apostle, has practically pointed out for us the road to happiness; he had been in prison, in poverty, in contempt, and still he was supremely happy. The secret is found in one of his letters to the Philippians in which he says: "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content."

Gangsters of the East

S. Bielous '33

FOR a long time the civil wars in China have been the cause of frequent disturbance to both foreigners and Chinese; this, however, is rather a lesser evil compared to the increasing turmoil and suffering caused by the regime of the bandits.

No place in China is so much pestered with bandits as Harbin and the regions roundabout. A few kilometers from Harbin, begins the "Kingdom of the Bandits." It extends along the railway line from the station Imiampo to Hailar and thence to the nine islands of the river Sungary. This explains the name given to the bandits, "The Army of the Nine Islands." The total area of the bandit kingdom is about 10,000 sq. kilometers.

There is perfect discipline among the bandit hordes. The head of the gang is under the constant guard of about 30 well-armed bandits who change at regular intervals. The bandits live in camps, and quite often shift from one locality to another of their territory. In summer, they live in shacks; in winter, they move to underground tunnels in order to shield themselves from the severe cold and biting wind.

The leader of the gang is in constant touch with the city through pedlers and coolies. So well informed is the bandit chief that he knows just at what time a certain person in the city pays his bill. The agents of the gang are so numerous that it is very hard to know whom to suspect. For safety's sake every workman and pedler is suspected by all the foreigners and prominent Chinese.

Arms and ammunition are supplied to the bandits by the widow of a famous leader who was shot about two years ago while fighting against Russian Volunteers. "The Army of the Nine Islands" gets its arms from the government forces by bribing generals and soldiers who desert the army.

The bandits are interested in politics more than are other Chinese, for their "industry" depends much on the government. If an anti-bandit candidate comes up for election, they try to down him by bribing army chiefs and other agents and by arousing the people to protest against him. Such was the case with the late general Mi-Chun-Lin.

The ransom for kidnapped prisoners extorted by these marauders is divided in the following way: The leader gets 40%; second grade bandits get 25%; and the rest is divided among the

"commoners." To the relatives of the prisoners who come to negotiate, no harm is done; but in case of disagreement the prisoners suffer.

Tian Dun is the leader of the largest, best-armed bandit army of about 500 men. The camp of this band is situated along the Manchurian Eastern Railway line. The most striking work of this gang was the demanding of $500,000 from the railway company for the transporting of lumber from Dun's territory. The railway company tried not to pay any attention to the demand, but soon realized that it was making a mistake. Bridges began to burn down here and there, and many trains were wrecked. Thus the company would have lost more if it had not finally entered into negotiations with the bandits.

The Eastern Manchurian Railway company spends every year about a million dollars for the upkeep of an army of eleven thousand soldiers and gets no benefit out of this expense because all the generals are either relatives of the gangsters or are bribed by them, and the soldiers themselves are the agents of the bandits.

Thus life in China is miserable even for those who have to think where their next meal is coming from, because the bandits do not blush to capture a man for the prospective ransom of a few dollars.

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS

When old remembrance rings again,
Recalls the childhood days;
The tho'tless acts, the merry games
And childish winning ways.

The happy years of golden youth,
(Which ne'er shall come again)
Are drifting on the stream of life,
'Midst sunshine, storm and rain.

Another year has passed away
A year of smiles and tears...
Thus flies the time of worldly life
The days, the months, the years.

A. d'Aquino '25

Christmas at Sea

John McFarlane '33

ONE bitter day in December, as I was taking a stroll along the waterfront of Boston, I noticed a dirty tramp steamer passing the breakwater. She must have been about a three thousand tonner, and she seemed to have had some trouble in getting under way. Her single high funnel belched forth dense black smoke, which from time to time hid the old ship from view. A low toot of her strident whistle echoed faintly through the crisp air, warning ships that might be in her way. From her bare topmast flew an old tattered flag of England, showing her destination. This ship was the "Kami Maru," one of the numerous tramp steamers plying the trade lanes of the seas.

I lingered for a while, and then continued my weary walk homeward. The sight I had just witnessed called my attention to the fact that soon I also would be on the open sea. I too would be heading for bonny England to pay my old Uncle Jim a visit; but on a vessel of different type than the old tramp I had just seen lumbering out.

"What a life it would be to cross the ocean on such a boat," said I to myself, and wondered whether such traveling was at all pleasant. "Ugh! Oh no!" said I in disgust to myself, and thanked the luck that I was not one of the crew.

The time approached rapidly when I was to embark for my trip; and before I was aware of it, I was on the deep blue waters. The ship which I had taken was the latest in marine architecture and improvements. Her two low and racy funnels let forth only a film of smoke, and a blow of her deep-toned whistle vibrated powerfully through the icy air of the north Atlantic. The pointed bow of the ship cut the water with swishing noise, and rose majestically with each swell of the waves. The throbbing of the engines could be felt like the pulsation of a human heart, and an impression of power and speed came to my mind.

It was the night before Christmas aboard, and the public rooms of the ship were decorated for the occasion. Posters and festoons were seen in every corner. Holly, gilded-paper bells and balls were hung around the rooms. In one corner of the parlor a big Christmas tree stood with all the traditional trimmings for that great night.

The passengers were buzzing here and there preparing for the joyous eve. The life on board was like a busy beehive. I also contributed a share in making the boat a busy place, for I was painfully taking off the bristles from my face, when there came a sudden jerk which threw me off of my feet, and a triple sharp blast of the ship's whistle. Rising to my feet and tossing away the implement of the moment, which I was clutching, I tore open the safety locker and donned my life belt. I well knew the signal that the ship's whistle had given; and so I rushed out of my cabin and hurried to my lifeboat station amid the confusion that was now on board. Already the officers with their tense faces were issuing orders in that grim manner heard only on occasions like this.

"Women and children first," was the command; and throngs of fair passengers and their children filled the boats, which were quickly lowered. I waited nervously for my orders, and they came rather soon. I clambered into one of the lighter boats, clad only in shirt and trousers. The lifeboat was hurriedly lowered, and hit the water with a splash; then at once four pairs of oars dug into the water, lengthening the distance between us and the doomed steamer.

The biting north wind howled its fury, and my thin shirt afforded no protection from the elements. After what seemed hours of anxious waiting for rescue, a dim glare of a searchlight caught us in its path. We were all too cold and stiff to show much outward sign of gladness, but I heard sighs of relief escaping from everyone in the craft. Our tossing boat slowly approached (at least it seemed that way to my strained eyes) the oncoming ship of rescue.

Finally we were alongside the ship, and one by one we painfully mounted the rope ladder flung out on her side. My numbed hands with aching effort clutched one rung after another, and at the summit a pair of strong arms gripped my trouser belt, and hauled me on to the icy cold deck. I remembered no more.

It must have been the following morning when I awoke, for a gleam of light passed through the dirty porthole of the small cabin that I was in. A cold draft of air on my uncovered neck made me turn in my bed; and at the doorway, I saw a smiling foreign sailor holding a pot of hot coffee on a tray.

"Your coffee, hot coffee, good," said he, and entered, closing the door after him. He placed a small stool in front of me and set the tray on it. My eyes fell accidentally on the tray and I noticed its peculiar design, a small Christmas tree with its decora-

tions painted in bright colors. What a difference there was between this and the gorgeous tree I had seen only a night before.

"What boat is this?" I inquired, to check my thoughts from wandering too far.

This boat "Kami Maru," said the sailor. "You all right?" he continued.

"Thanks," was the only word I was able to mutter at that moment, for was not this the unpretentious little ship I had seen laboring out of the port of Boston just a few days ago? What strange incidents fate brings to us mortals! and I began to muse about the sudden change of things. My thoughts wandered back to that memorable day, when an Infant, unknown to most of the world, was born in a humble manger. He was destined to become a Saviour and rescue all of us from the clutches of sin, as this poor tramp steamer had saved me from the grips of Neptune. In silence I offered up a prayer of thanks to the Master of Destinies, that I was able to see another Christmas pass.

MY MOTHER

Who is the one that cared for me
When I was only two or three;
Who took me in her arms to rest
And pillowed me against her breast?
—My Mother.

Who is the one, taught me to pray
And all the words that I can say;
Who showed me how to sing and read
Supplied my every want and need?
—My Mother.

Who is the one so lovingly,
That brought me up both bright and free;
Who shared my suff'ring and my joy
As babe; as child; as laughing boy?
—My Mother.

R. Cox '25

The Monument of Perseverance

J. H. Asahina '33

IN the beautiful mountains of Buzen, a district in North Eastern Kiushu, a river called Yamakuni divides ranges of peaks that rise with the greatest ruggedness. The region is celebrated for its scenery and is frequented by many sight-seers and holiday makers.

Formerly, on the brim of these cliffs, a narrow path extended the length of the rapids of the river. This pass served as the only means of communication to travellers. Some ten miles from the mouth of these rapids, the pass became especially difficult and risky. Here hundreds of travellers lost their lives in the torrent while attempting to cross the dangerous spot.

It was in about 1720 that a bonze, clad in shabby, ragged clothing began to chisel into the huge rocks just in front of this place. The expression of his countenance indicated strong determination. This bonze, named Zenkai, travelling as a pilgrim from village to village, had come from Echigo in Northern Honshu and happened to confront this perilous path. Oppressed by the sorrowful tale of the innumerable lives lost, he had firmly resolved, no matter what it might cost him, life included, to build a tunnel through the rocks in order that men might pass in safety.

No wonder that the villagers insulted and ridiculed him when they saw the poor man hammering into the rocks. The people regarding him as a lunatic, took no heed of his work. Zenkai paid no attention to the gross indignity, but steadily continued to strike his chisel.

Days, weeks, months, years elapsed; the depth of the tunnel had increased to a few hundred feet. At last the perseverance of this bonze won the respect of the villagers. In the exploit which had at first appeared to be unfeasible, they saw some possibility. They began assisting the indefatigable worker that they themselves might profit by the plan. Some villagers aided him financially, some others physically by chiseling with him. The work advanced fairly quick; but after a lapse of a few years the assistants decreased in number, and before long he alone was chipping away at the rocks. Muttering prayers, the pious bonze often labored till midnight in the dim light of a meager flickering lamp.

The villagers shamed into action by his constancy, again lent a hand to the project. Thus by his endurance and patience, thirty years after he had put the hammer into motion, his one and only aim was accomplished. What strong emotion must have filled the heart of the aged bonze, when the silvery rays of the shining moon came gleaming through the tiny hole which his chisel had bored into the last thin layer! The dreadful spot threatened by the whirling foam of the rushing rapids was no more to be feared.

The tunnel measures about three hundred meters in length. Although later it was enlarged, a part of the original work remains to tell the great achievement of the persevering bonze Zenkai.

WINTER

Oh! Welcome winter fair!
Come, cheer the dismal scene:
The trees, the hills are bare,
Put on thy snow-white screen.

Come! Stay with us a while!
Upon this earth alight.
Make it a jewelled kingdom,
A kingdom of delight.

Erect thy snowy castles
Let chilly winds arise
And turn the crystal waters
To smooth and sparkling ice.

Then 'pon the winter's air
The ringing voice will break:
The sharp, metallic sound
Of skates upon the lake.

K. Kosloff '26

A Wreath of Christmas Customs

M. V. Sisikin '33

IN nearly all the Christian countries of the world, many and varied Christmas customs have come down to us from the remotest times. They are most beautiful in their symbolism.

The exact date of Christmas, 25th of December, was set by Pope Julius I in the fourth century. Until then, Christmas was celebrated at slightly different seasons in the Eastern and in the Western churches. The West celebrated it in December, the East in January, whilst in other regions it coincided with Annunciation. But Christmas was always celebrated with the gayest rejoicing. Beginning from 337 and all throughout the Middle Ages, Christmas was regarded as the greatest feast of the year. Everywhere the Christian religious solemnities combined with jolly national customs.

Almost universal is the custom, for instance, to dress up and parade at Christmas time.

In Jugoslavia there is a custom of putting on frightful masks, such as the lamas of far Tibet wear. The streets are crowded with people, and, though dressed up as animals, they bear in their hands homemade instruments. The procession slowly moves from one house to another and, singing carols, reminds the faithful of the Savior's Birth.

In America, the members of the Salvation Army, costumed as Santa Claus, set up their famous charity pots and keep ringing bells to catch the attention of passers-by. On this day, many cheerfully respond to the call of charity.

In Ballachia, the Christmas holidays very much resemble a carnival. The peasants clothe themselves after the fashion of Santa Claus, each bearing in his hand a pole with a wooden ball attached to its end. They roam from one house to another, knocking at the door with these balls. The meaning of the custom is that the coming year will be full of happiness and success.

On Christmas in Tyrol, the people put on masks of animals. One takes the disguise of a deer, another that of a ball, a third that of a sheep, etc. These masks represent evil spirits who should be banished forever from the homes of the faithful.

In Sweden, at the Christmas feast, children put on simple long white clothes to signify the purity of Our Lord. Visiting all the houses, they gather the presents prepared for them.

I think that the Christmas holidays are most merrily spent in old England, the land of fancies and traditions. During these few days, England throws off all her staid finicality in order to celebrate. It is almost impossible to imagine an Englishman, who would go to bed on Christmas Eve. As a rule, he tries by all means to be at home, and if this is impossible, then he celebrates the evening with a couple of his companions in the place of his sojourning. And wherever an Englishman chances to be, whether at the North Pole or down in the tropics, there must always be touching Christmas songs and a plum pudding for him. The former are gracefully described by Charles Dickens in his famous "Christmas Carol."

Out of sixty chief customs of England, Christmas is the most strictly prescriptive. If a tourist happens to pass through England just before the Christmas holidays, he is at once surprised to see the grand preparations being made for the coming feast. Already in the early days of December, the post office puts out a circular: "Send your Christmas cards as soon as possible." As Christmas approaches, England is turned upside down with holiday excitement. In fact, in this country, Christmas is celebrated with greater splendor than Easter in Russia. On this day the king invites about a thousand beggars to a tea-party. The Duke of York publishes the culinary recipe for the traditional plum pudding. Thousands of people make and cut the time-honored pudding, leaving a small remainder for the next year. This is one of the most curious traditions of London.

The hidden power of the Birth of Christ reigns far and wide all over this earth. It has penetrated even to such corners of this creation as have not yet been lighted up with the Christian faith.

A missioner from South Africa writes as follows: "Some Christian negroes impersonated the Holy Family. Of course, it may provoke a laugh that black-skinned people should represent the members of the Holy Family. A little negro boy took the part of Our Saviour, whilst an African bull stood for the donkey of Bethlehem near the cradle. The artless poverty and simplicity of these savages made them rise to the appreciation of the God-man's lowliness and loveliness. Even they could react to the hidden power of God's birth among men."



Punctuality

John McFarlane '33

THERE is a proverb in French which says: "Exactitude is the politeness of kings." The application of this proverb is not to one class of society but to all classes. Punctuality is one of those common factors of our daily life that contribute largely to success; it is worth while, then, early to learn and apply this easy expedient for commanding success.

Consider a moment the reasons I have in stressing such a trifle as punctuality. History reveals to us that Napoleon in the Battle of Waterloo was defeated only, because his promised reinforcements arrived too late. This delay not only decided the fate of the great general, but that of the vast empire he had at such heavy sacrifices founded.

Again, if anybody has ever had the inconvenience of waiting for a friend to arrive at just an appointed time, such a one would know how the friend's tardiness "gets on one's nerves." Not only is the late comer robbing time, which waits for no man, but he most likely spoils the plans of his friend. And all this could be easily avoided by observing that small principle of exactitude.

In our times, in which everything depends on speed, we begin to feel the great importance of punctuality. The slow, inefficient work of a behind-time business man has no place in the commercial world. No concern, whether big or small, is willing to pay for work done days behind time. The business world holds out a hard hand to such cases, and turns a deaf ear to excuses.

The moral domain is less severe in this regard, but does not hesitate to inflict its punishment, A man quick to see and to act, in the dangerous time of temptation to betray the ideals of honesty, purity, unselfishness, is the kind of man who will have less to regret at the hour of death. While just the opposite is the case of him who is slovenly in his habits, and has accepted that standard of fulfillment which is procrastination. He will find it hard to make amends with his Creator, when the hour arrives. We can see, that everywhere in life the seemingly small company of punctuality always pays a large dividend.

Great is the need of realizing the value of exactitude. Especially should those who have that inconsiderate habit of making people wait weigh the excellence of this character trait. One thing is sure namely, that we can not sacrifice punctuality and hold our claims on having a perfect character. If we think this out, we shall find it to be literally true.

The Ameya

T. Arai '33

WALKING along the roads of small Japanese villages or towns, we occasionally notice that, here and there, the streets seem livelier than elsewhere. This is due, no doubt, to the crowds of children that hang about the "Ameya" (candy pedlar), who has taken up his station on one side of the street. On the top of his oblong cart is fashioned a small room, faced with glass, and topped off with wood. There are set a shelf in the middle of this room, a few small bamboos in the hole of a big bamboo, which is erect on the side of the chamber and two drawers below the stand on which the boys place their money. The pedlar sits on a square wooden box near the cart, facing the drawers and working hard at something.

You might ask yourself: "What has he in his hands and what is he going to do with it?" If curiosity impels you, you just stay there for a while and see what he is doing. He will stick a bit of his tenacious barley gluten on a bamboo joint and puff-f-f,—it is a white balloon. Having pinched this toy balloon to make a hole in it, he winds it quickly twice around, and back again, ties it to a string and the latter to a bamboo and in a few moments, you have a gourd.

"Please, sir! I want a couple of rats nibbling a bag of barley."

"Ah! my little master, that will surely puzzle him," you think. Not a bit. He does not even stop to consider how he might set about the order, but forthwith takes out of his drawer a lump of plastic material of just the proper size. This he kneads and rolls up into long threads, and rolls up again, and when it is of the right thickness dusts it with rice flour to prevent it from clinging to his fingers. Then, giving it a pyramidal shape, he pinches the legs, cuts out with scissors a pair of ears, lengthens out the snout, pulls the tail, fashions the cone in the middle into a bag. A couple of eyes for the rats and a streak of red paint under them and—"Now my little boy, where is your coin? Your rats are finished."

The boy will say: "Here is the coin, but anyhow, how did you manage to make it so quickly."

The Ameya, however, just smiles and replies: "Well, well, boy!" and winks his eyes.

Now, you turn to that boy to know what he will do with that specimen of candy art; and you are sure to see him eat it without much ceremony.

Oh! here comes another boy, who is anxious to give the "Ameya-san" (candy pedlar) a problem. "Please, sir, won't you make an orange and an apple for me."

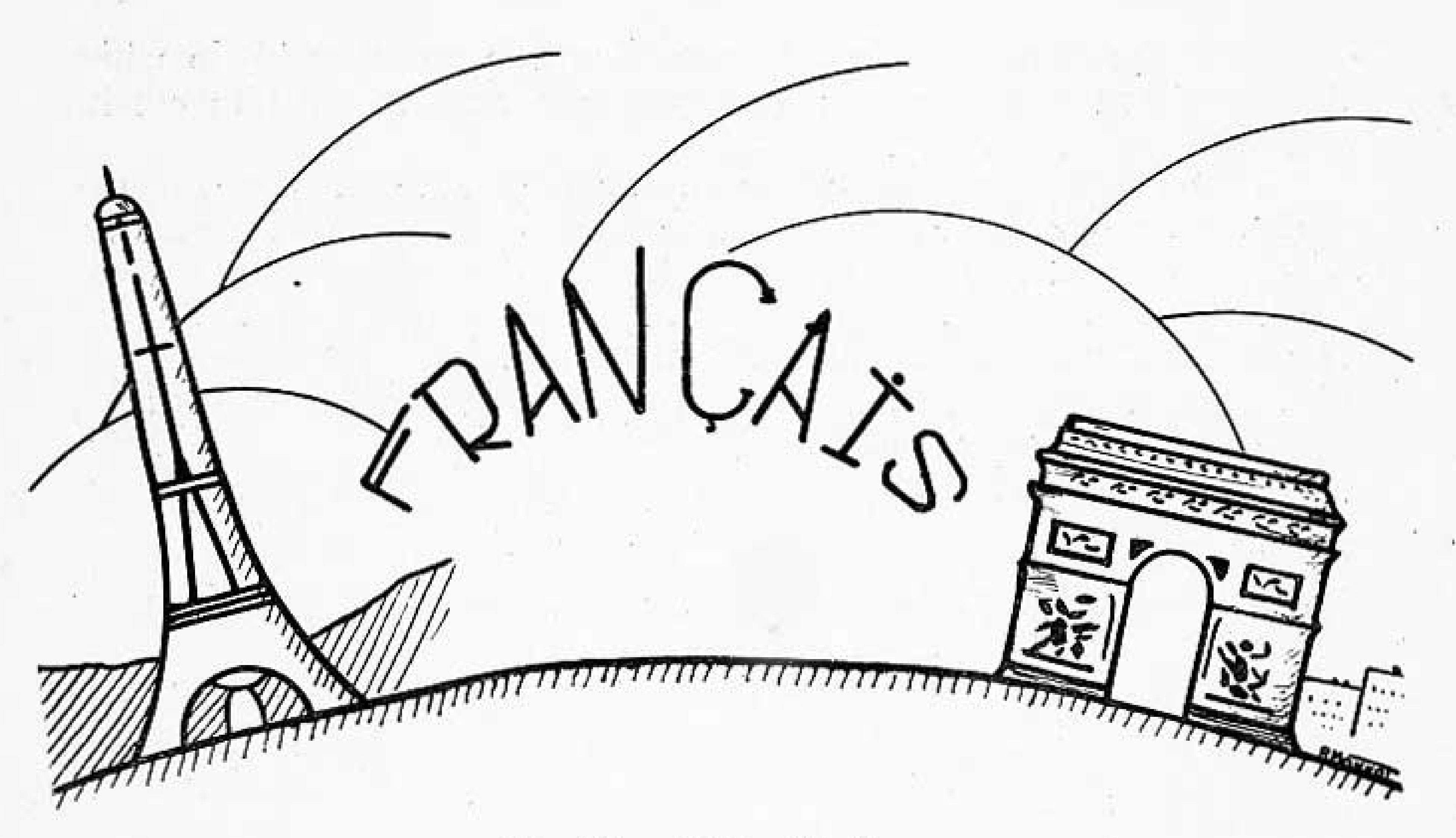
The good-natured man thrusts his hands as quick as lightning into the drawer, out of which he takes a small lump of the white sticky substance. And here again, you will surely see him kneading, rolling, until he has attained a somewhat round surface. Then he adds a bit of his coloring agents, some branches and several leaves to the orange, a string-like stem to the apple. "Now," he will say, "the orange, and the apple;" and the boy hands him the money.

Thereby another mystery is solved. He has made rats, bags, oranges, apples out of his glutenous substance. He is really a genius of a higher order than the "Moji Yakiya" (letter burner). To try and puzzle the old man by devising difficult orders is a favorite game with the youngsters. He is ever ready to serve you his best, whether he is required to fashion a monkey swinging by one foot from a branch, whilst it holds a little one with its disengaged arms—a pair of rats in deadly combat with their tails for weapons—a frog on his hind legs shading himself from the sun under a mushroom.

No flight of imagination is too hard for him. The thought once conceived, the execution of it is marvelously rapid. But I do not think he could ever execute an order pertaining to God, heaven or hell. I suppose he would fashion a "Daibutsu" (Japanese god) if you were to tell him to make some celestial personage.

Anyhow, he is by all means, a good old fellow, with his high forehead and twinkling eyes, his face well-bronzed by exposure to weather, and the lines and curves about his mouth deepened by his ready smile for all comers. He is a great favorite with the little boys—most of whom he knows by name—and has a merry word for all, whilst his fingers nimbly work at his trade.





Un Terrible Voleur

J. Asahina ' 33

Il y aquelques années un sergent de ville très entreprenant demeurai tprès de chez nous. Nous étions en bons rapports avec lui et il ne manquait pas de venir nous voir, quand il en avait le temps, pour nous raconter beaucoup d'histoires intéressantes auxquelles il avait été mêlé. A cette époque, presque chaque nuit un vol important était commis dans notre voisinage. Pour cette raison, un jour il nous fit une visite afin de nous protéger contre ces maudits voleurs qui infestaient tout le quartier. En même temps, comme d'habitude, il nous amusa grandement par son invariable bonne humeur. Il nous raconta gravement l'histoire que voici :

" La nuit passée pendant que j'étais de garde, j'ai été avisé tout à coup par un de mes confrères qu'on entendait un voleur mystérieux coupant avec une scie les barreaux de bois d'une maison. (Les fenêtres des maisons japonaises sont généralement protégées par des barreaux en bois.) Je cours vite à l'endroit indiqué en compagnie de ce même policier. Entre la fenêtre attaquée et nous, il n'y avait qu'une faible clôture. Nous approchons tout doucement. Le bruit de la scie s'arrête un peu, puis recommence quelques moments plus tard. Cric ! cric ! cric ! Le bruit cesse de nouveau, Nous étions les deux, debout, silencieux contre la clôture, retenant notre souffle. Le scieur invisible recommence une troisième fois. Le sergent, qui était venu m'informer de la chose, se mit à me dire à voix basse. " Monte sur mon dos et essaye de jeter un coup d'oeil par dessus la clôture." Je monte

prestement et avec ma torche j'éclaire le lieu où le voleur invisible travaillait." Le policier alors cessa de parler en nous regardant fixement.

Tout le monde attendait la suite avec anxiété les yeux grandement ouverts. Nous retenions notre haleine afin de bien entendre.

" Qui pensez-vous que je vis alors ? " nous demanda le sergent de ville. Personne ne pouvant donner de réponse il reprit : " J'ai aperçu une souris enfermée dans une ratière ! " La pauvre innocente ne se doutait nullement d'avoir attrapé deux braves gardiens de la paix si consciencieux.

Comme la soirée était déjà avancée, notre conteur s'en retourna chez lui.



Shichi-Go-San

Albert Pohl ' 33

Les nombres 3, 5 et 7 sont considérés au Japon comme portant bonheur. Pour cette raison, les ornements et les ustensiles fabriqués en séries de 3, 5 ou 7 sont très demandés. Dans la vie d'un bébé, trois ans, cinq ans et sept ans sont des dates spécialement fêtées. Ces trois événements sont célébrés tous les 15 novembre et portent le nom de " Shichi-go-san " (sept-cinq-trois).

Primitivement les garçonnets et les fillettes étaient fêtés à l'âge de trois ans ; à cinq ans on fêtait de nouveau les garçons, et à sept ans c'était le tour des filles. Mais récemment tout cela a été simplifié et à présent il n'y a plus qu'une fête unique des enfants. Le sens de " San-no-Iwai " (fête de trois ans) a varié, et il signifie seulement le passage du bébé dans l'enfance. Autrefois ce changement était accompagné du relèvement des cheveux d'une façon spéciale. Mais aujourd'hui les garçons tout comme les filles d'ailleurs n'ont plus les cheveux longs. Le 15 novembre les enfants sont parés de leurs plus jolis " Kimono " et conduits par les parents à l' " Uji-gami," (L' " Uji-gami " est le temple auquel la famille est rattachée) afin de remercier les dieux de tout ce qu'ils ont fait pour leur progéniture.

" Go-no-Iwai " ou le fête de cinq ans était originairement célébrée pour les garçonnets seulement. Dans les anciens temps, les garçons étaient considérés comme " Jeunes gens " dès l'âge de cinq ans et étaient censés se conduire comme hommes. Dans la famille des " Samurai," cette solennité était regardée comme très importante. Le 15 novembre, l'enfant était habillé en " Kamishimo " et introduit auprès du seigneur. C'était un parent qui conduisait ensuite le jeune homme à l' " Uji-gami " et remerciait par délégation les dieux d'avoir donné un successeur au seigneur.

" Shichi-no-Iwai " est célébré aussi à la même date pour les filles âgées de sept ans qui alors deviennent jeunes femmes. Avant sept ans, toute fille porte une ceinture insignifiante autour du kimono. Quand une fillette devient jeune femme, elle abandonne sa ceinture enfantine pour en adopter une plus ornementale. Pour cette raison " Shichi-no-Iwai " est quelquefois appelé " Obi-otoshi " ou " Obi-Iwai " (fête de la ceinture).

L'Instruction Supérieure est-elle nécessaire ?

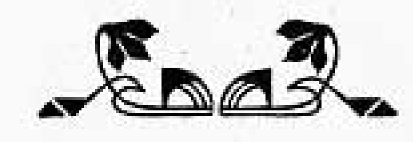
John McFarlane ' 33

Les jeunes gens qui ont reçu leur diplôme de fin d'études au sortir du collège en juin dernier, se sont partagés en deux classes : les uns, qui sont allés à l'université et les autres qui n'y sont pas allés. Les jeunes gens qui font leurs études supérieures reçoivent encore les soins de professeurs éminents, tandis que ceux qui ont cessé leurs études n'ont pas les mêmes avantages. Ces derniers entrent immédiatement en plein dans la vie, et plus d'un tombe sur le chemin du succès.

Le succès n'a jamais son siège dans la cave, mais se trouve toujours à l'étage supérieur : réussir veut dire monter et non descendre. Les jeunes gens entrant à l'université cet automne se font pour ainsi dire monter en élévateur vers le succès ; les hommes désirant de bons emplois doivent prendre cet élévateur. Cependant l'élévateur imaginaire d'une université monte quatre escaliers en quatre années, et s'arrête. Pour arriver au succès il faut encore monter plus haut ; c'est ce que doivent faire ceux qui sortent des universités.

L'université est seulement un assemblage de livres et de professeurs qui les expliquent. Ces livres peuvent être empruntés par des hommes étrangers aux cours de l'université. Et ceux qui sont intelligents le font pour acquérir le savoir. Mais la plupart des hommes n'ont pas le goût de lire de tels livres.

Comme conclusion disons que l'instruction supérieure obtenue dans les universités offre une meilleure chance d'avoir une bonne place que ne le fait une instruction ordinaire ; cependant on peut acquérir un supplément d'instruction en lisant des livres bien choisis et à la portée de notre intelligence.



Une Journée passée avec les marins du croiseur Primaugnet

Victor A. Lury '35

Pendant les dernières vacances d'été le croiseur français Primauguet vint jeter l'ancre dans le vieux port de Hakodate et y resta pendant 10 jours. Juste à l'époque de son arrivée dans le Hokkaido les courses annuelles de chevaux eurent lieu car l'automne est la plus belle saison dans cette île. Chaque année j'assiste aux courses en amateur.

Le Primauguet ayant à bord un excellent orchestre, les musiciens furent invités à donner un concert sur le terrain pendant les courses.

L'orchestre arriva donc et donna un concert très goûté par l'assistance. Voulant voir les courses et surtout entendre le concert je suis allé ainsi que toute la famille au stade. Je ne pensais nullement avoir l'occasion de pratiquer un peu mon français en servant d'interprète entre l'orchestre français et le président japonais des courses.

Comme je voulais bien entendre l'orchestre je suis allé tout simplement me planter en bas contre le kiosque pendant que la musique jouait.

C'est justement pendant que je me tenais debout auprès de l'orchestre que j'ai pu commencer à parler avec le joueur le plus près de moi et en moins d'une minute nous étions de bons amis. Il me donna beaucoup de renseignements sur le croiseur et sur son voyage si intéressant en Extrême-Orient.

Le président des courses me connaissait depuis mon arrivée au Japon lorsque j'étais encore un tout petit garçon de sept ans et il savait aussi que je parlais et comprenais le japonais convenablement. M'ayant vu parler avec les musiciens de l'orchestre il m'appela pour lui servir d'interprète auprès du chef de musique. Ce dernier tout heureux me demanda de vouloir bien lui rendre ce service pendant toute la durée des courses et ainsi j'étais continuellement occupé en courant de l'orchestre au président et du président à l'orchestre.

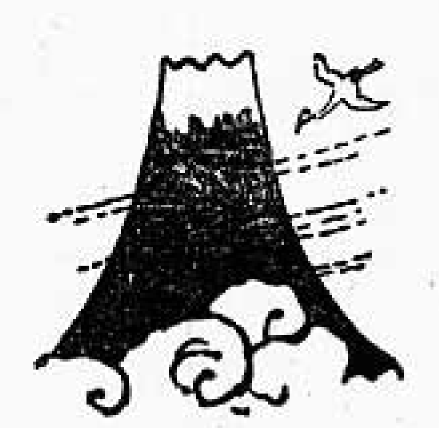
Quand à 5 heures du soir les courses furent terminées l'orchestre quitta le terrain et s'en alla en automobile donner un concert au Monastère des Trappistines dans les montagnes de Yunokawa, un village non loin de Hakodate.

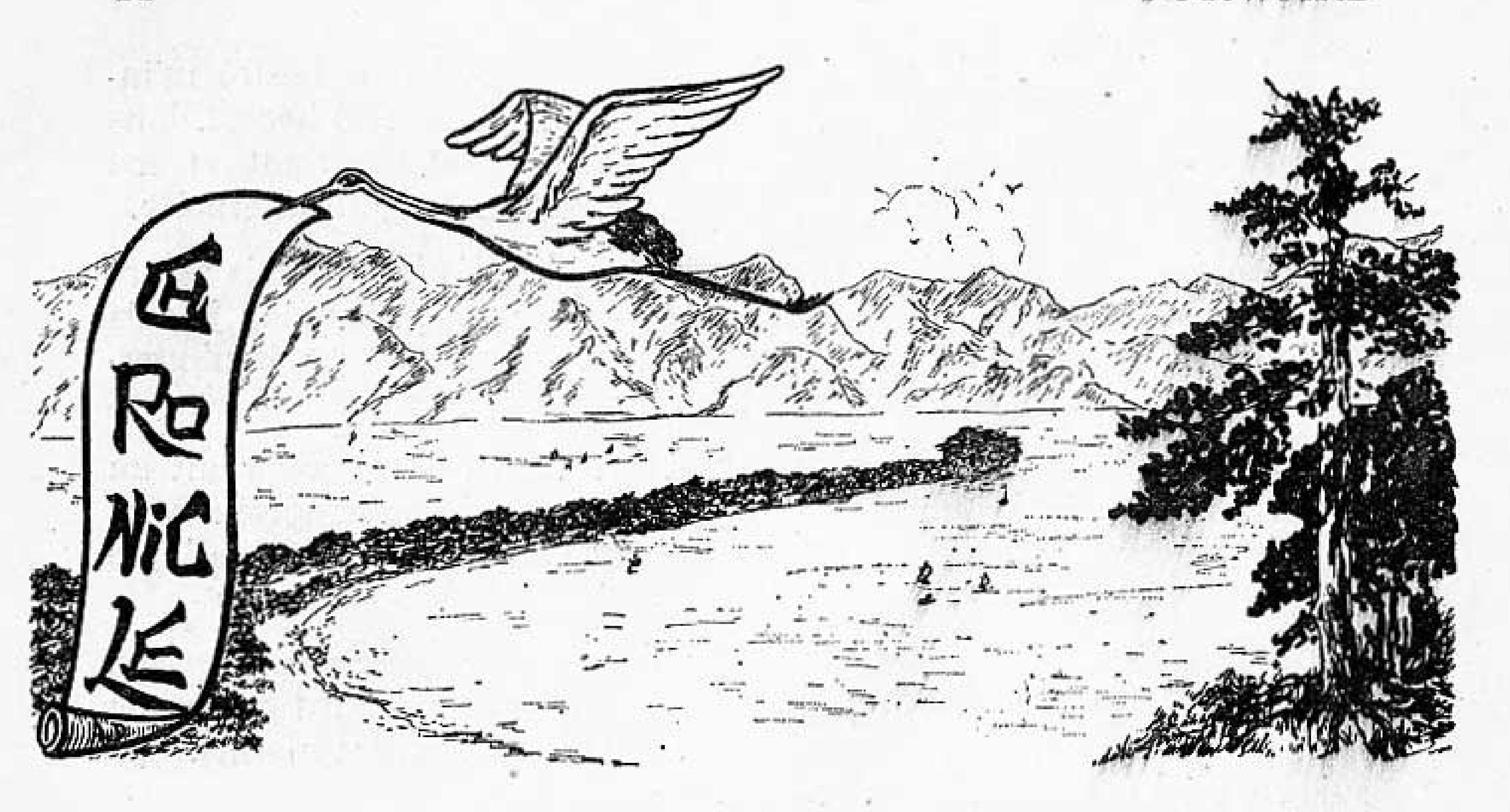
Avant de quitter le terrain de courses le chef d'orchestre m'informa qu'ils allaient donner un concert le soir même à 8 heures dans le parc public et il me donna un programme en souriant et me demanda de venir dans le cas ou ils auraient besoin d'un interprète.

Pendant que l'orchestre jouait chez les Trappistines je suis rentré à la maison prendre le thé et après en avoir reçu la permission je suis allé au jardin public de Hakodate entendre le concert et servir d'interprète bénévole.

Le concert terminé je suis rentré à la maison après avoir dit au revoir à mes amis les marins français. Avant de m'endormir vers minuit j'ai repassé en esprit tous les événements de cette journée l'une des plus intéressantes de ces vacances d'été.

Le lendemain je voulais visiter le croiseur Primauguet dans l'après midi, mais je n'ai pas eu le plaisir de monter à bord parce que je suis venu trop tard et que c'était l'heure du souper des marins. Je suis rentré à la maison tout penaud.





Rev. F. Spenner,

Once The Chaplain Of College, Dies

Word has just been received that Rev. Ferdinand Spenner, S. M., died at Bordeaux, France, on August 1st from a heart attack. The faculty and student body of the College join with a host of friends in a prayer of hope that his reward may be bountiful.

Born in Engersheim, Alsace-Lorraine, Father Spenner came to Japan in October, 1902. He was chaplain of S.J.C. almost from its start, and in addition he took over some faculty duties. He manifested an unusual eagerness for work from the beginning, and his zeal shone forth in his efforts to better the social conditions in the city.

Sixteen years of his life he gave unselfishly to the welfare of the college, and to the foreign and the Japanese community. This hard and tiring labor, bit by bit, showed its effect upon his heart, which was already somewhat weak; and the terrible calamity of U.S.S. "Brooklyn" in Yokohama harbor contributed much towards the total collapse of his health.

The man-of-war "Brooklyn" blew up at her moorings from the spontaneous combustion of coal dust, killing many of the crew. When Father Spenner heard of this accident, he visited the American Hospital and the ship to encourage the sufferers. He worked indefatigably to bring the consolations of religion to the dying men and had much success. His self-sacrificing labor, however, brought on heart trouble and he was ordered by his physician to take a rest.

Father Spenner left for France, his native land, via America, where he met several of his friends. The trip was the only rest he consented to take, and he soon started at his work of

zeal. He had directed his energy towards alleviating conditions in the slums of Bordeaux, when his last heart attack came to call him back to his Maker.

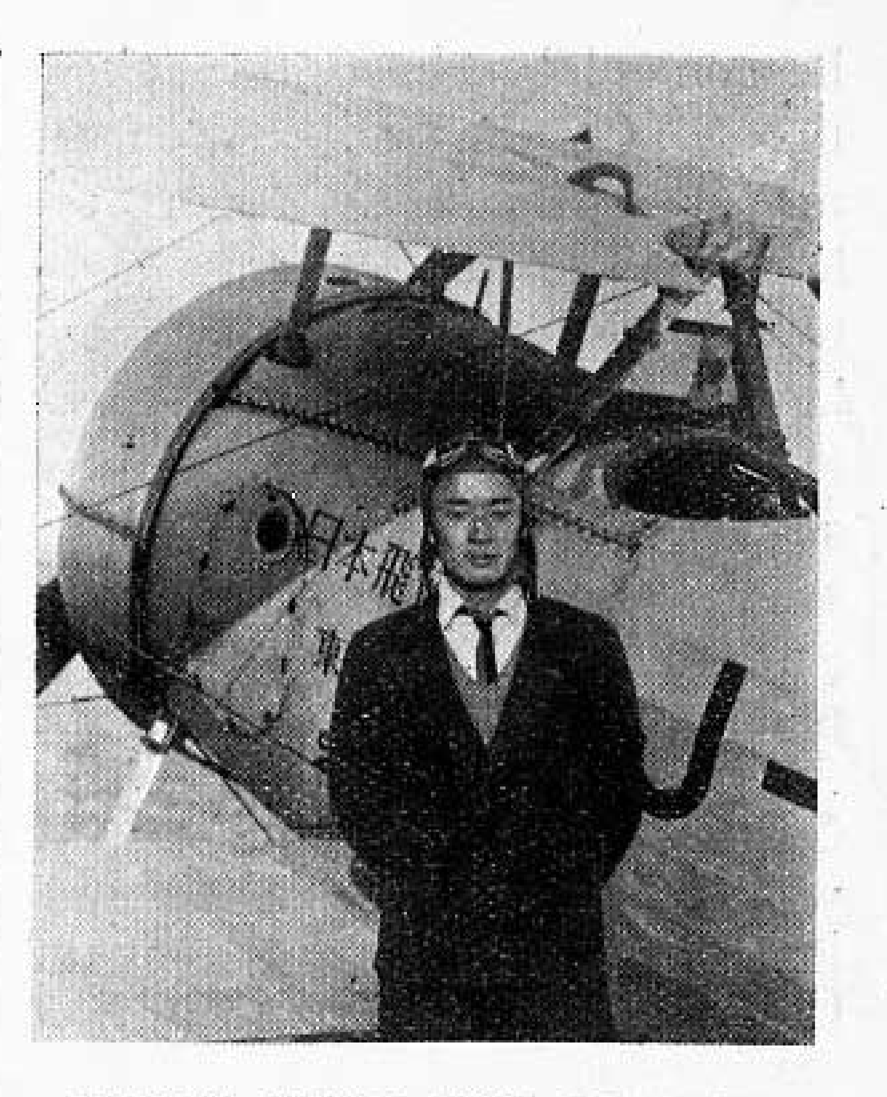
Rev. Spenner leaves us a fine example of devotedness and hard work for his fellowmen. His memory will continue to live with us and encourage us in our pursuit of charity. May his soul rest in peace.

Students' Charity Association

Moved by the sight of so much misery brought on by this continued depression, the students of S.J.C. have formed a charity association whose purpose is to relieve, to the best of its ability, the extreme needy of Yokohama. Each class has nominated a bookkeeper whose duty it is to take up a collection each week and to keep the record of contributions. Some classes have "charity boxes," that are always ready for stray nickels. The hat is handed around once a week in a genuine attempt to help the poor. Up to date, the total sum collected is ¥40—not a magnificent sum but "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow."

The standing of the different classes is as follows: 1st, Third Prep: 2nd, Fourth Prep: 3rd, Sixth Prep: 4th, First and Second Prep: 5th, Second High: 6th, Fourth High: 7th, Third High: 8th, Fifth Prep.

A. Gorbunoff '33.



ONISHI VISITS THE COLLEGE VIA AIRPLANE

Early on the morning of Saturday, November 26, a telephone message from Tachikawa (a flying field beyond Tokyo) informed us that H. Onishi would visit S. J. C. via airplane.

H. Onishi, it will be remembered, was a member of the present Senior class but left school after finishing the Sophomore year, to take up aviation. Since then two years have rolled by, and today he is the proud holder of a second class pilot's license. His rapid advancement can certainly be credited to his daring spirit!

A few minutes before 11 A.M., the entire student body assembled on the campus to await the expected visitor. As time dragged past the appointed hour, a cloud of anxiety hung over the faces of his former fellow students. Suddenly a cry, "Here

he comes!" echoed throughout the S.J.C. campus. All faces turned upwards to scan the horizon. There he was away to the north, just a tiny speck in the grey sky. The speck grew larger and larger. Silent suspense broke into an enthusiastic uproar as the plane zoomed above. The roar of the powerful motor was drowned by the frenzied cries, "Onishi! Onishi!". Although the wind was rather strong and the clouds low, Onishi circled over the College three times, each time waving his hand from the side of the machine. On the last round, he dropped something very tiny from the machine. Unfortunately it did not land on the campus. Thanks to some eager watchers, the thing dropped was recovered soon after. It turned out to be an empty shotgun shell, containing the following message: "Best regards to the Senior class and to the Forward." After he had finished circling over his Alma Mater, the youthful aviator winged his way westward to visit his "home, sweet home," before returning to Tachikawa.

This was his first trip over Yokohama, and he was flying a Salmson observation 'bus.' He is now working with might and main for a first class pilot's license, which, in our opinion, he will surely acquire before long.

Besides "Our Onishi", there are several other former S.J.C. boys who have taken up aviation; and we look forward to other flying visits from our Alumni.

C. P. S. Boyd '33.

SUBSCRIPTION SALE

The Subscription Sale for this issue was greater than expected. In spite of the depression, the jolly Collegians raised the "Forward Thermometer" to a high degree. The campaign was characterized by frequent "pep meeting" directed by the Senior Publicity Committee under the able management of Frederick A. Savory.

The members of the Forward Staff thank all the students who worked hard to swell the magazine's treasury and especially the Sophomore class for their enthusiasm and fine school spirit manifested in putting their class on top.

The individual winners are: 1st V. Lury, 2nd L. Frank, 3rd R. Russel, Alex Bobrovnikoff, and D. Charlesworth.

The final standing of each class is:

1.	2nd Hi.	42%
2.	5th Pr.	33%
3.	3rd Hi.	31%
4.	3rd Pr.	30%
5.	1st H.	27%
6.	4th Pr.	27%
7.	6th Pr.	20%
8.	4th Hi.	11%
9.	1st & 2nd Pr....	10%

T. N'gai '33.

New Specimens Arrive for Physiological Department

Our Physiological Department aims to impart accurate knowledge of the human body, its organs and their functions. To accomplish these aims requires extensive apparatus. Although as yet the collection of apparatus is small, every year new things are purchased. This year was no exception, and four additions have been made to this department.

The body of a man with an approximate height of five feet is the most important acquisition. The body is complete with organs, capable of being taken apart. The lungs, heart, intestines, liver and brain can be detached from the body for the purpose of demonstration. S. J. C. now boasts of a real "come-apart" man.

Another specimen is a skeleton five feet high, with removable parts, so that the bones of the thorax, spinal column, pelvis, arms legs, etc. may be shown separately.

Besides the two acquisitions mentioned, the Physiological Department now boasts a huge human ear, with external ear, tympanum and internal ear all capable of being taken apart, and a mammoth right eye with nerves, etc. two feet in length and one foot in height.

These acquisitions represent a decided improvement in the equipment of our Physiological Department and will surely result in much profit for the students of that course.

F. Mourier '33.

Fruitless Attempt to Raise a Grassy "Beard" on Campus

Many ideas have been given to prevent the annoying dust which rises from our grounds on windy days. Some suggested periodic waterings, others proposed to pour oil on, but the majority agreed on raising grass.

During the interruption of school last summer, one portion of the ground was planted with special grass imported from California as a trial. But unfortunately the grass refused to grow, and so our attempt to beard our dusty playground proved quite useless.

We shall greatly appreciate it if anyone would be kind enough to inform us of a good way to get rid of the dust from the S. J. C. campus.

T. N'gai '33.

S.J.C.'s Main Attraction

When the 10:30 bell has rung announcing the morning recess, few S.J.C. lads can be seen in the playground. The boys no longer "rave" for the fresh air, but instead they form a "galloping" procession to the library, or, in other words, the miniature candy store.

Once a notorious doctor (?) said the only means of keeping a boy's brains in good condition is to eat plenty of sugar. From Mr. Higli's "University" to the High School section, every one puts this advice into practice. The well-known saying "It pays to adver-

tize" applies to the S.J.C. sweet shop, for frequently you can see signs, such as: "New American Candies Just Arrived"; and if you can judge by the crowd that mobs the shop on these occasions, you would be convinced of the worth while of advertizing.

Nothing could be more attractive to the S.J.C. boys after a "nut" cracking mathematical problem or a long-winded recitation of a French lesson, than a bar of "Fox Trot" or a piece of pie.

Surely henceforth in every graduate's memory will linger the memory of Mr. Ambrose, fiddling with the key and surrounded by scores of boys, and his commands to the crowd enraged by the mild odor of the pies and bars of chocolates. Yes, it seems that the only store in the world not hit by the depression is the S.J.C.'s Candy Department.

Later in the day "The History of the Morning" repeats itself but now in a different part of the school building. This time the "kids" run, not after the candies, but after a special medicine for "tummy aches" supplied by Mr. Higli.

The Senior Class of '33 join in heartily wishing the best future to the Candy Store, for without it the mathematical problems would be much more gloomy and the manufacturers of candies would be hard hit.

S. Bielous '33.

The Senior Library

The Seniors enjoy the special privilege of having an exclusive library in their class room. At present it consists mostly of popular magazines of excellent standing. Our school professor of literature is the generous subscriber, and it is he who supplies our literary stock. Most of his donations are magazines which do not depend on advertisements or fairy tales, but which contain genuine literary articles and stories. The Seniors really appreciate the collection.

The Canadian Messenger, the Ave Maria, and the Columbia monthlies constitute the present bulk. All volumes receive a wide circulation among the members of the class. Many a story or article is reserved for special discussions, criticisms and comments.

Although the "library" is still in its infancy, it is growing with passing months. Thus the present Seniors hope to build up a fair-sized "magazine library" for the literary benefit of coming Seniors.

F. S. Savory '33

Senior Outing

On the morning of November 8th, a jolly crowd of College boys gathered at the Yokohama Station for their annual hike to Yamakita.

The happy Seniors and Juniors accompanied by Mr. Meinzinger and Mr. Soden, separated from the main expedition at Kozu. After a few transfers they arrived at Gora, having passed thru Yumoto,

Miyanoshita, and other famous places. Alighting from the car, all cheerful and merry, they got under way for the first part of their day's work. A few miles of climbing through the beautiful Hakone mountains brought them to Owakidani, a place otherwise known as "Big Hell." Here they viewed the boiling sulfur springs located on the side of a rocky mountain. They proceeded on their march downhill to Lake Hakone. The excursionists settled down along the Lake where they took their lunch. After they had rested awhile and viewed the surroundings, the real walk to Gotemba commenced with great spirit. Following the military road and singing a good deal to render the task easier, they made their way thru the tall grass towards Nagao Pass. All fatigued and with throats parched, they completed the tiresome climb to the tunnel. Invigorating drinks of mountain water gave the fatigued crowd some more spirit; and they resumed their march to Gotemba. Branching off the military road and finishing a long walk of about 10 miles, they arrived at Gotemba all happy and joyful, after having spent the day so well. Catching the 5:10 train at Gotemba, they headed for home and met the other division of hikers at Yamakita. Thus ended the last picnic of the Seniors.

J. Eyton '33

Improvement Made to S.J.C.

Throughout the long summer vacation and well into the new school year, carpenters, masons, joiners, etc., have put on the final touch-ups to the S.J.C. dormitory building.

The Chapel has been entirely renovated. The former plain pillars have been replaced by beautiful new artistic ones. The niche, where a beautiful statue of Our Lady stands, has been enlarged; the arches have now new curves; the statues of the Sacred Heart and of Saint Joseph which stand respectively on the right and left of the Altar, were raised a foot higher to give a more impressive appearance. In fact the entire inside decoration and curvature of the arches have been changed.

Besides the Chapel, there were several other improvements worthy of mention: the boys' refectory now has a fine hardwood floor; and the hallway near the refectory and the kitchen, which was formerly of concrete, has been beautifully tiled.

These improvements clearly show that despite the depression, S.J.C. is bound to go forward.

C. P. S. Boyd '33

News of Long Ago

Thirty-two years ago, the present St. Joseph College of Yokohama did not exist. Most of the foreign boys who lived in Kanto attended the "Morning Star School" of Tokyo. Every student spoke, wrote and learned in French.

Out of 250 students, 100 were boarders. They had three different dormitories, one for the big

(*Continued on page 16 of the Advertisements*)



J. G. Eyton '33

Oleg Skaredoff '32 keeps us in touch with his class. He tells us that the '32ers are publishing a magazine of their own in order that they may remain united in spirit. He gives us the following information about his classmates:

A. Arai works at the Victor Talking Machine Plant.

W. Clarke is art editor of the '32 magazine.

M. Dave works for his father, and is the editor of the Alumni magazine.

H. Frank has a good time in Kofu.

S. Huga attends the University of Dayton.

W. Lee works as a shroff in the government treasury of Hongkong.

S. Manley entered the University of California without examination.

H. Schoene is working for his father.

J. Vanchurin shines on the Cyma football and baseball teams.

C. Mahlmann '28 graduated from the University of Dayton last August at the head of the engineering class and received a gold medal. Congratulations!

S. Kawazoe '26 is now serving his term in the Japanese army. At present he is stationed in Manchuria.

W. DeCouto, who left S.J.C. about four years ago, went to Brazil, where he is now attending college. He seems to be doing well.

H. Oberlein recently stopped at the College.

The Forward Staff has been requested to give some information as to the whereabouts of **Harry Bernard Bernstein.** We would appreciate any information.

We extend our sincerest congratulations to **Joseph Hay** of Yokohama who was married on December 6th.

A. Agajan '26 is now attending the University of Dayton. Best luck to you, Alfy!

M. Kido is also studying at the U.D. The Class of '33 wishes him success!

CHRISTMAS TIDE

The days are cold, the clouds are gray,
Soft knee-deep snow lies in the way,
And through the trees the wind is sighing;
Slow but sure the year is dying.

Then comes the Day, when joy and mirth
Commemorate the Saviour's birth.
And though, for worse, the world has changed,
The thought of God has still remained.

And though the chilling winds are blowing,
With Heaven's peace our hearts are glowing,
As from the church we homeward go
Through the drifts of fleecy snow.

And when this joyous time at last
Is gone and finished, dead and past,
The sentiment on every side
Is: "Come 'round quickly, Christmas tide."

C. Curtis '24

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mr. Henry Ivison donated about 100 magazines.

Mr. A. Russell presented minerals.

Student **G. Gilly** presented shells, among which was a tortoise shell, and a model of a native boat.

Books for the school library have been received from

Mr. A. F. Agajan
Mr. D. Kennedy
Mr. W. Fachtmann
R. Russell '35

Mr. Kern made a generous contribution to the Museum Fund.

SANTA CLAUS

A good old man is Santa Claus;
I say a good man because
Plenty presents he will bring
To all who have been kind and loving.

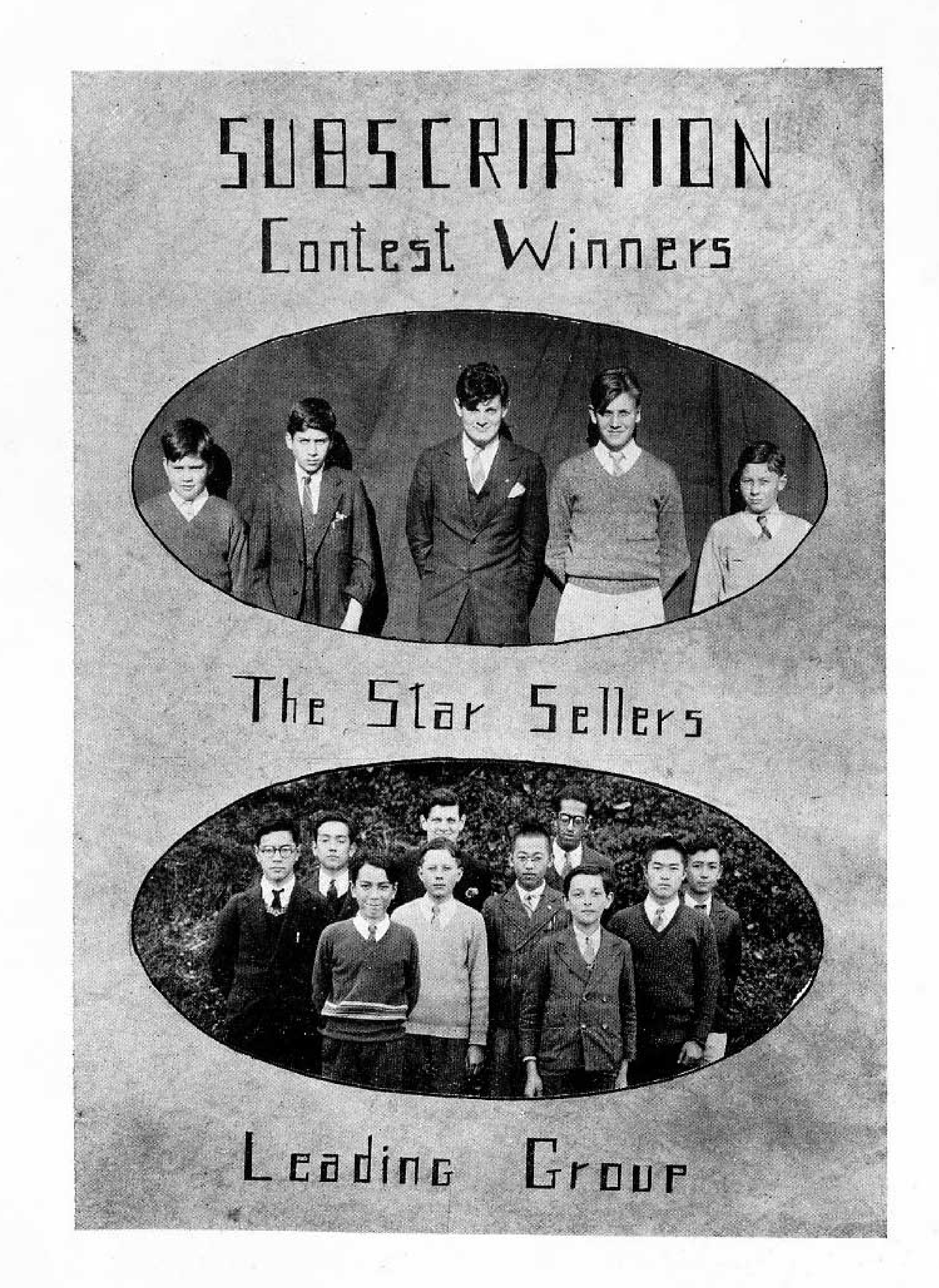
On Christmas eve when all is still,
And snow lies on the window sill,
And stars now dot the skies of night,
Then father Christmas comes in sight,

Upon his deer sleigh on the roofs;
But not a sound is heard of hoofs.
It's very strange, I know not why,
It seems to me they only fly.

At every chimney top he stops,
And down the flue with sack he drops.
It seems it matters not at all,
Be it a chimney big or small.

He comes to us but once a year,
So be you loving, kind, sincere,
That he may give you many toys,
And fullest share of Christmas joys.

E. Salter '26







SAINTS' 1932 FOOTBALL EDITION SUCCESSFUL

BOTH TEAMS SHOW GREAT FIGHTING SPIRIT AND PEP

All true S.J.C. hearts are rejoicing over the successful football season so gloriously terminated. The football Elevens have done work that has brought credit to them and added glory to the College's brilliant soccer record. Mr. T. Law, our capable coach and team organizer, was obliged to choose his men from rather inexperienced material. It is to his skillful management and good coaching that a regular team was able to take the field against any local opponents on equal terms.

A big factor in their success is the regularity with which the boys turned out for practice. Every day after school they trotted out onto the campus with grim determination to make good or die in the attempt. Their imbibed enthusiasm and willingness to learn good football made them what they are today – a team to be feared! A little rain, wind or mud did not hamper their practice; with clockwork consistency each member turned up to take his daily " medicine." Through the endless drills and combinations they retained a cheerful smile, and kept their fervor burning.

At five o'clock in the evening, dead tired and ravenously hungry, the teams " plodded their weary way home," physically exhausted, but with the consolation that they had improved and learned just that much more.

FIRST STRINGERS

Entire Team Well-Balanced, Light and Fast

The Forwards — An elusive quintet, dead shots, the terror of invaders, is our forward line...

Sano, Eastlake, Planas, Kondo, and Fukuda. Speedy, steady, and possessing hefty kicks, they batter down the enemies' wall of defence. Good combinations, classy play and perfect understanding... that's our forward line.

The Halfs—Charlie Boyd as pivot supported by Ishikawa and Farias, are a formidable and impenetrable barricade. They are three thorns in the opposing forwards' sides. Three musketeers that wreck any combination the enemy undertakes. Dashing, husky, fearless...that's our midway defence.

The Full Backs — A Stonewall Defence.

Mourier and Luther are cool and experienced players. Big or little they're sure to get their men. Mourier is a mountain man with an appropriate handle of "War Horse." Crossing his path is sure suicide! Luther is a player that never gets excited. He'll get out of any tight corner.

The Custodian—Always steady and cool, playing his game with whole-hearted devotion and interest, Pete Blamey is an invaluable asset to the team.

MORNING STAR BOWS TO S. J. C.

Game Hard-Fought Throughout; Both Teams Show Fighting Spirit; Saints Feature Wing Play.

The annual battle was staged on Saturday, Nov. 12th, on the S. J. C. campus. From ages past the Gyoseians have been our brother rivals in football; under the "amour fraternel" spirit lurks good-natured rivalry for supremacy.

The Middle Schoolers trooped into the field in their brilliant uniform with a determination to win or leave their bones on the Saints' grounds. Our boys, too, togged out in brand new soccer outfits, dashed out onto the field with the mighty war cry of old St. Joseph. They were animated by a desire to play the game and win it.

The Morning Stars won the toss and attacked in full force; but it was evident from the very start that the Saints had superior pressure. Soon "Grasshopper" Fukuda, our dashing wing, snapped a shot at the visitors' goal......the Gyosei goalie just managed to save. The Tokyoites attacked in turn and "Hands" on Farias in the penalty area gave the invaders their first goal. Before our team could recover from their surprise the Gyosei Right-Inside rceeived a beautiful pass from his Left-Wing and beat our custodian "Pete" to the draw. Our boys did not feel the least depressed by this lead and played up in grand style. A desultory, ding-dong battle ensued. Then the Saints got into their stride......dashing up to the "starry citadel" they blinded its keeper by a lightning pile-driver! Our first goal! Just thirty seconds before the half time our Center Forward "Juanito" placed the hog-hide very neatly and gently into the corner of the net......a regular aristocratic kick.

Half Time: Saints 2
Gyosei......... 2

The game became highly spirited. Each member seemed to have the desire to wipe his shoes on his opponent's attractive uniform. Both teams attacked and counter-attacked desperately. Goals seemed imminent. The rooters simply went wild.

The Saints took many a crack at the Gyosei's goal; but the "man with the keys" from Tokyo was as agile as an eel; he was here and there at all times. He certainly saved many sure goals. Our own "Pete" was severely tested too. Our valiant fullbacks and skillful goalie saved the day. Then five minutes before time our flying forwards burst through their enemies' defence and "Ernest" drove in the pill which sealed the tremendously hard-fought victory for good old St. Joseph.

Final Score: Saints 3
Gyosei........ 2

SAINTS BEAT ORIONS BY HEAVY SCORE

Game One-Sided; 4 Goals Scored In First 9 Minutes

On October 27, a squad of huskies representing the Rising Sun Petroleum Co. received what can be termed "a very good soccer lesson," when they were buried under a 14 to 1 count by the powerful Saint Joseph College Team.

Feeling their way in the beginning, the Blue and White Boys failed to score for the first fifteen minutes, and it seemed as if the game were going to be a fairly even tussel.

Late in the first half the boys opened up a little and scored two goals. "Hands" on Mourier gave the Orions a penalty kick and they made their only goal. Retaliating, the Saints scored two more goals before half time.

In the second half the Collegians literally trampled their opponents under their feet and shot the old pill into the Purple and Gold net at will. With the Saints ripping open wide holes, it was a very simple matter for the young Blue and White forwards to roll up one of the largest scores in the history of the school.

Four goals were scored in the first nine minutes of the second period, and for the rest of the game the local forwards netted the ball regularly. With only four minutes to go and the score 12 to 1, the flashy Collegians drove in two more goals for good measure.

The heavy scoring was done by Center-Forward Planas, who scored six goals, Eastlake following with four, Sano and Kondo, two each.

SAINTS DEFEAT RAJHPUTANA BY 2 to O COUNT

Mourier Stars In Defence; Sailors Heavier But Too Slow

The team from the R. M. S. Rajhputana was tucked away into the "limbo of defeat" by our reliable Blue and White

Boys. Both squads were well-balanced and played a very fast game, the issue remaining undecided to the very last. Our boys attacked time and again, only to dash back to help in the defence of our own territory. "Hands" on Lintott of the liner, and our fullback Mourier sent the ball into the ship's goal area. The dashing front-liners pounced on the pill like hawks after a dove, and from an indescribable melee the hog-hide shot into a corner of the visitors' net...... Goal! Then the game continued at lightning speed. Toward the end the Saints again reached the visitors' danger zone and drove in a second point.

Saints...... 2 Rajhputana...... 0

1932 Football Results

S. J. C.	Visitors.	
2	Hector I	7
2	Hector II	3
2	Rajhputana	0
2	Sanchu	1
1	Libia	5
14	Rising Sun	1
2	Kwanto	1
3	Gyosei	2
3	Cormorin	6
8	CYMA	0
2	Gyosei	2
3	Koko O. B.	0
5	Rampura	1
0	Kwanto O. B.	3
5	Y.C. & A.C. II	2
6	Kaisar-I-Hind II	1

BLUE AND WHITE SECONDS SHOW PLUCK AND COURAGE

Small And Light But Well Organized

Pitting themselves against the fast and powerful first stringers in their daily work out and holding on with grim determination and pugnacious perseverance, the second eleven have moulded themselves into a well balanced, close-clicking team that isn't afraid to tackle the toughest opposition. Throughout the season the "B" Saints have been forced to tackle supermen of whom they tried to get the advantage by their clever team-work.

Since matches within their class were hard to secure, nothing daunted, they pitted themselves against much bigger and far heavier opponents in one gruelling contest after another. The secret of this youthful hardihood is to be found in the cherished ambition of every young S.J.C. footballer—to make the first team.

Playing the spotlight upon the second team's records we find...... A team from the Nichu Middle School received a solid trouncing from our lightweights to the count of 8 to 1.......The husky Asano first team were defeated by our "B" team in a furious contest. Score, 4 to 2.......In a heavy rain and on a water-soaked field the S. J. C. second stringers conquered the heavy Nichu second team by a 5 to 3 count.......On December 3rd, the Blue and White Juniors were given a 5 to 0 verdict over the giant Kogio second eleven.

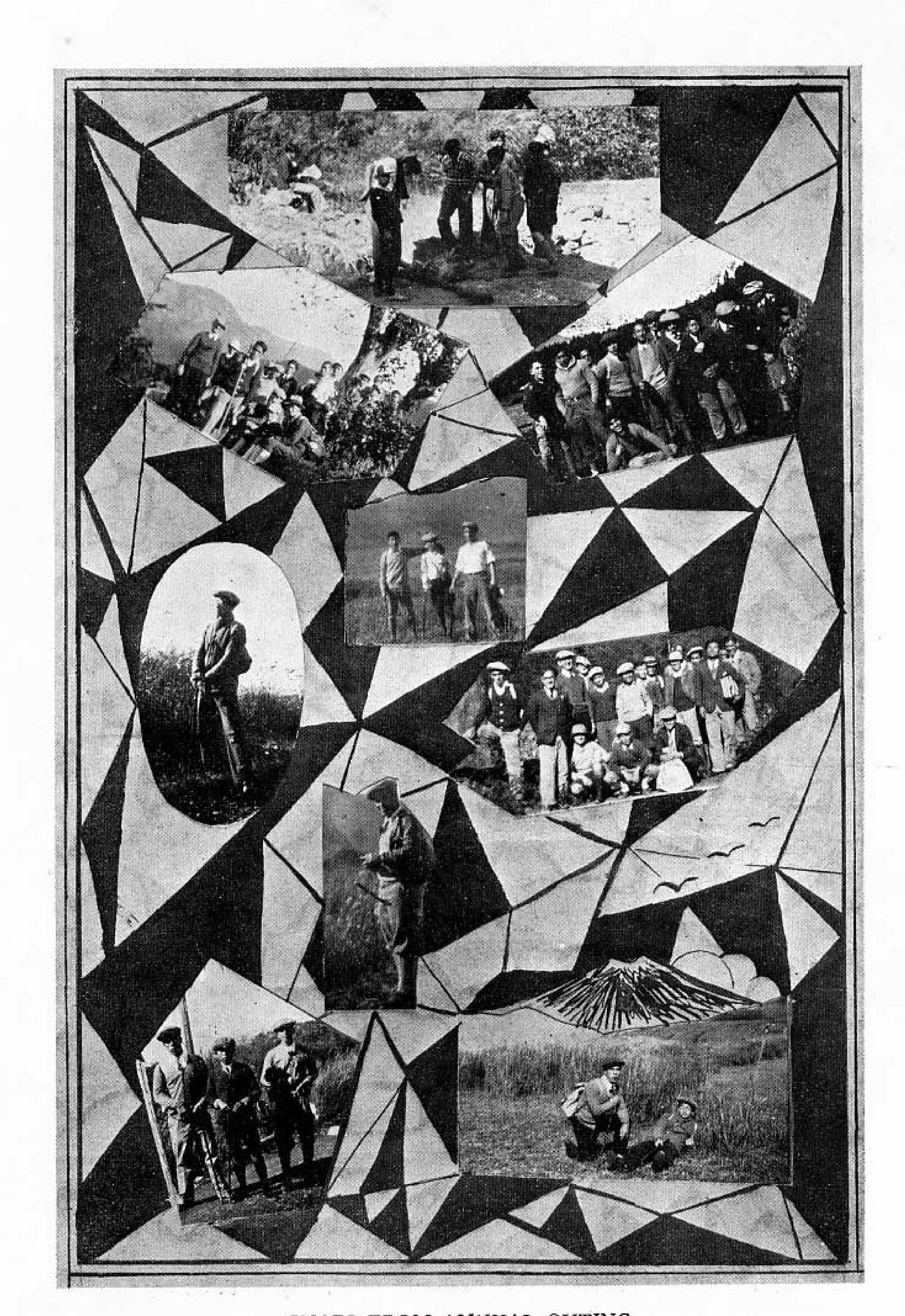
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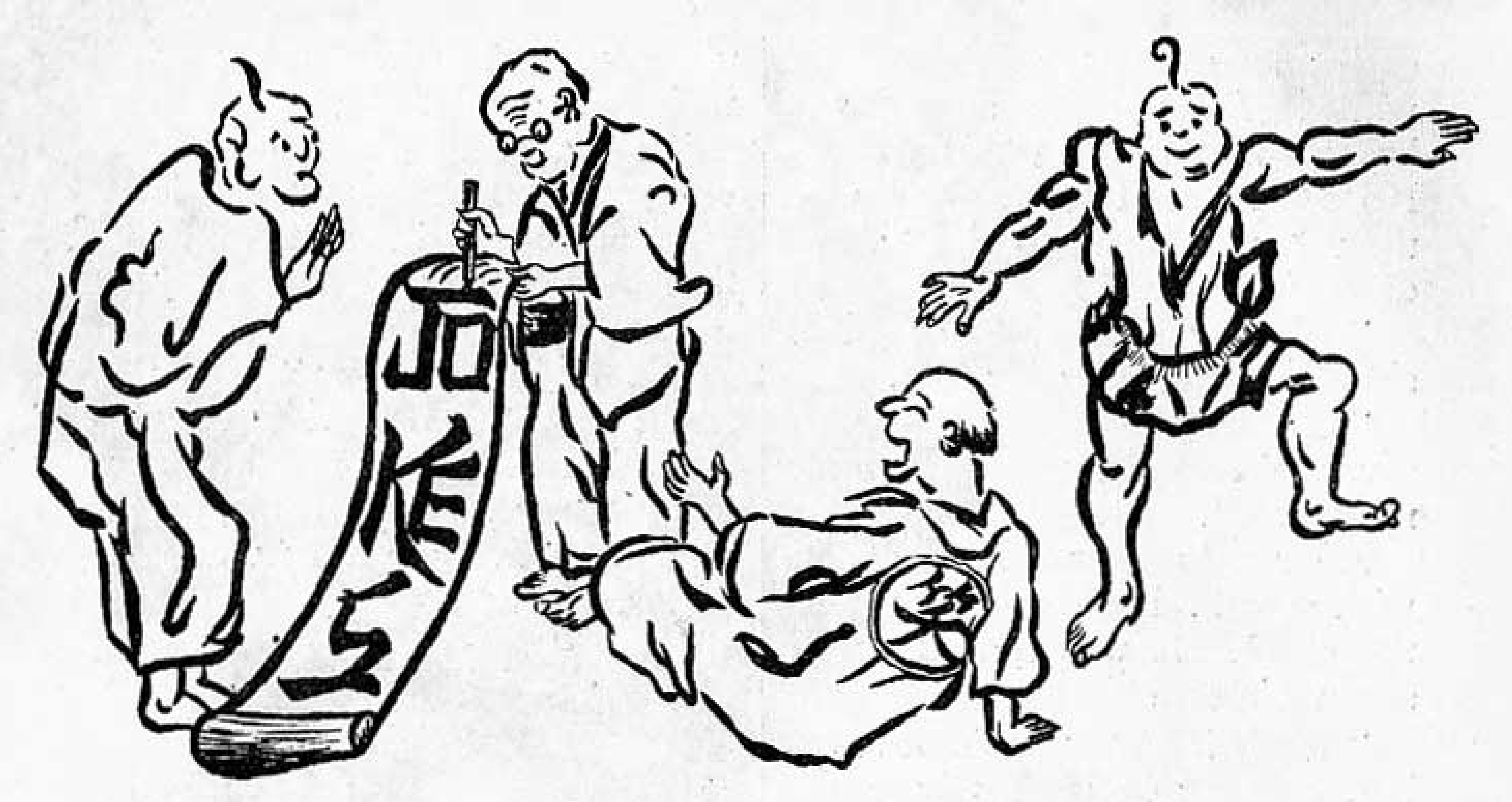
PRE-SEASON CAGERS



M. Sisikin L. Wong A. Gorbunoff K. Hay F. Savory



SNAPS FROM ANNUAL OUTING



ON GETTING UP EARLY

T. N'gai '33

My father is an early riser; my grandfather was a milkman and used to rise at four o'clock in the morning; but I cannot acquire this noble heritage of early rising.

Following the advice given by out professor of hygiene, I, who always try to put theory into practice, hoped to share the blessing of the fresh morning air, and attend every morning the radio setting-up exercises. Being enthusiastic to witness beautiful and wonderful scenes, I was eager to see the rosy fingers of dawn of which literature told me.

For these two reasons, one evening I decided to get up early the next morning. I made a fist, pounded on the table and said loudly, "I must be up early tomorrow!" In order to make myself believed and to make my resolution for this big enterprise more firm, I made an oath that very night. In addition to this, I wound my alarm clock and put it near my pillow; more still, I asked my servant to wake me up at seven o'clock the next morning. Having all things settled, I went cheerfully to bed.

I, indeed, awoke early the next morning, for it was not yet five o'clock. Sticking my head our from the bed clothes, I saw that not even a single person was yet up. Suddenly the clock striking five reminded me that it was too early to get up. All was dead silence! No use to get up so early. There was no light for me to study by and no food ready for me to eat. So I murmured to myself: "It is too

early; let me sleep yet a little while! I am quite sure I will be the first riser in this room." No sooner did I finish my words, than I went again to the "Paradise of Dreams.

"What? What?" asked I sleepily from my cozy bed.

"Get up, please. It's nearly seven o'clock." replied my faithful servant.

After a long and hard debate with myself, I cast my eyes upon the clock. It was indeed nearly seven o'clock.

"Well, it is seven o'clock...... No, not yet; it is nearly seven o'clock, not quite seven o'clock. Let me count from one to a hundred. After that I must get up. So let me start. One, two, three......ninety......No! let me count more clearly and distinctly. Now, on your mark, get set, go! One, two, three......hundred. Well, what hundred? One hundred, two hundred, or nine hundred? In order to make it more sure, let me count up to one thousand."

So I counted and counted until finally I reached one thousand. The minute hand pointed to the mark of III. It was quarter past seven.

"This time I must get up!" I once more said to myself. Consequently I sprang up from my bed. But hoo! What a winter morning! Naturally I receded and resumed my previous position.

"How shameful it is for me, the future master of the world, to fail and to break my word on such a trifling thing; I must be up now." I persuaded myself with this good reason.

Right after I had finished these words, Mr. McFarlane, a friend of mine, came in and told me that he had lost his watch just that morning.

"Heh!" cried I, "it is the result of early rising!" I once more jumped into my bed and enjoyed my sweet dreams, determined positively to run no danger of losing my watch.

Brain-Splitters

1. Where is the best place to go when you are broke?
2. What is that which has a mouth but never speaks; a bed, but never sleeps in it?
3. What is the best way to keep fish from smelling?
4. Which is the greatest backbiter?
5. When can you spell an ass with one letter?
6. What has four legs and flies all around?
7. What is the scarcest thing in the world?
8. What is that you can't hold for 5 minutes though it is lighter than a feather?
9. What is that which is often brought to the table, often cut, but never eaten?
10. Who was the fastest runner in the world?

Look for answers on page 24 of the advertisement section.

Nagai: Demi, do you want to dine with me tonight?

Demi: O. K.

Nagai: Well, let us say at seven, at your house.

Art. Ed. (philosophically): It is hard to live in this modern world without money.

Sunki: Ah! It's easy. By the way have you a buck to lend me?

A Scotchman, standing behind a fat lady, was looking at a broken case of whisky and philosophically soliloquized: "Ah! I never saw such a shameful waste in my life."

A few hours later, when he came to his senses, he asked why the fat lady became so ferocious.

Torako (boastingly): I had this bike for 10 years and never had a wreck.

Baby: Yeah! you mean to say that you had this wreck for 10 years and never had a bike.

Teacher: What is a spiritualist?

Gobo: Ah! Spiritualist, well it's a person who patronizes every "grog shop."

Land lady: Mr. G....your kitchen is in awful condition.

Mr. G...: Well, ma'am, if you did not have paint on yourself for twenty years, you would look awful, also.

A colored gent called a party for supper and roasted one chicken,

In carving the fowl he asked each of his guests what part of the fowl he would like to have.

The first guest asked for a leg.

The second also asked for a leg.

The third also asked a leg.

Then losing his patience he said: "Look 'ere I ain't got a spider to carve and this chicken got only two legs."

In the train on the way to Odawara all was quiet when suddenly Shoko opened his mouth wide and began to produce unimaginable sounds. Jokes Ed. rushed to his bag, got a bottle of XX, and forced a few gulps down the victim's throat.

Jokes Ed.: How do you feel now?

Shoko: Fine.

Jokes Ed.: What was the matter with you?

Shoko: Matter, why I was singing!

A Fat Man (having killed a pig with a motor car tries to cool down the farmer): Don't be angry; I will replace the pig.

Farmer: No, you won't do, you are not fat enough.

(Jokes continued on page 24 of advertisements)

RHYMES AND WHINES

Some little fish in a little lake;
A small boat tied to a stake.
A little boy in a nervous state,
Waiting for the fish to take his bait.
A sudden splash, an empty seat—
Nothing seen of the boy but his little feet!

Mary had a little lamb,
She sheared the wool to spin it;
If they take the tariff off,
Then she'll have to skin it.

If life was a thing money could buy,
The Jews would live and the Irish would die.

You may laugh and you may grin,
But if you sit on the end of a pin,
I'll bet ten dollars you'll get up again.

A bearded man decrepit and gray,
Without parents, brothers or sisters;
Threw himself from the Brooklyn Bridge one day
And the wind blew through his whiskers.

Little boy—a pair of skates—
Hole in the ice—"Golden Gates."



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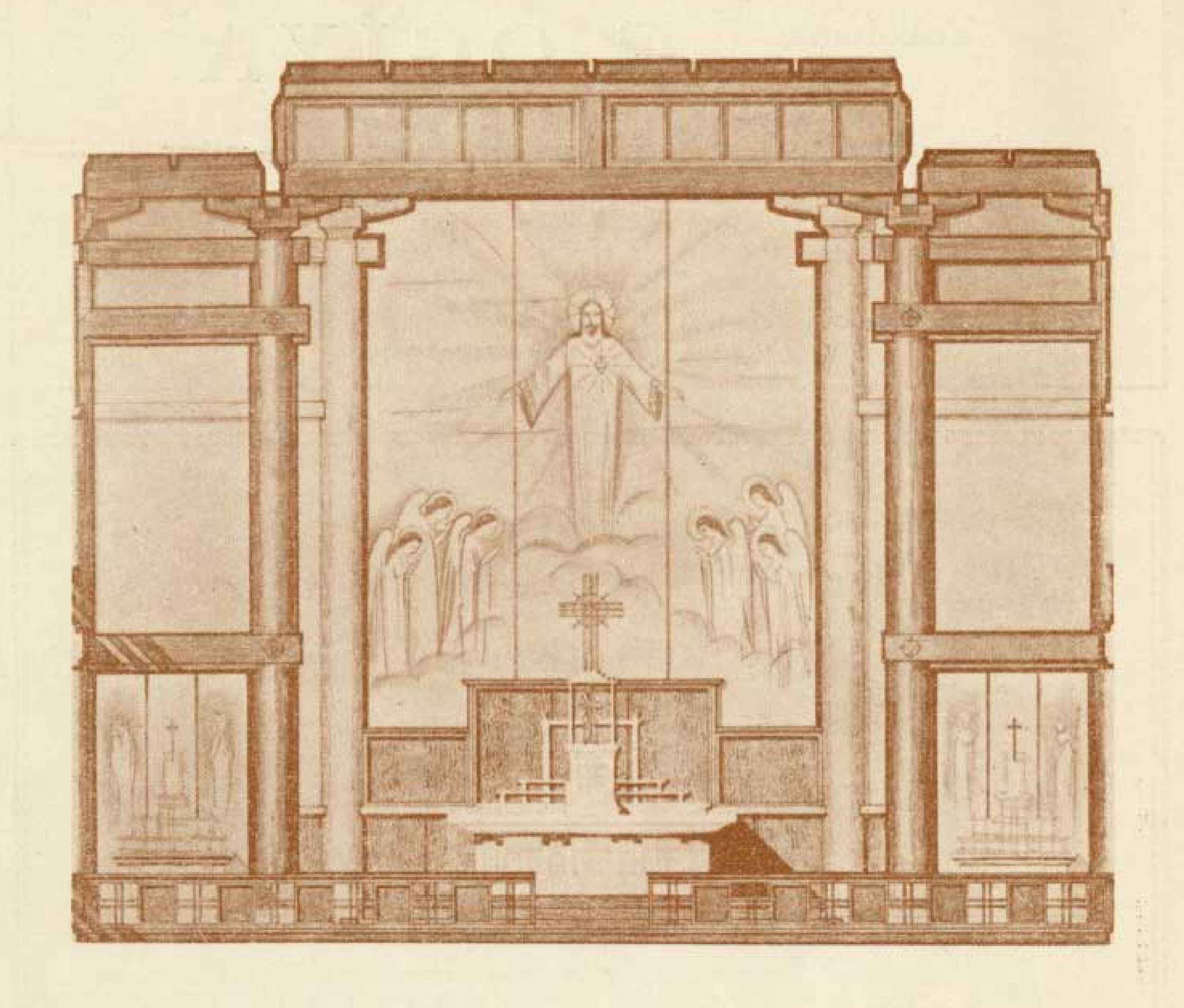
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(*Continued from page 34 of the text*)

Pre-Season Basketball Huge Success

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"......With the league games coming off in January, a few true-hearted cagers determined to begin training. The prevalent enthusiasm for soccer did not quench their ardent love for the cage game. Kondo, Savory, Gorbunoff, Sisikin, Hay and Nishiyama, six star basketeers, fearlessly entered the Kosho Tournament.

Collegians Beat Azabu

Our first encounter of the league was with the Azabu Middle School of Tokyo. It was an even battle and the scoring never differed more than a point or two at any phase of the game. The struggle grew tense towards the end with the Saints a point behind! S. J. C. must win! With a supreme rally the Blue Shirts forced in two baskets. Azabu tried their "dirty" best to come back, but in vain. The Saints ran out, worthy victors with three points ahead.

Saints Swamp Tateno

An overwhelming victory for the Collegians was the result of their second game played against Tateno. The Tatenoites were fledglings and had no chance against the more experienced Saints. It was a literal walk-over, our boys amassing a total of 64 points to their 6.

Saints Trim Asano In One-sided Battle

The third game, with Asano Middle School, was a complete "walk-away" for the Saints.

(*Continued from page 27 of the text*)

boys, one for the middle-aged and a third for the small boys. All boarders had to go to bed at eight o'clock sharp, except those who had received some extra work for misbehaving during the day. These last were obliged to complete their work before going to bed.

Every Friday evening the Director handed a testimonial to each boarder. These testimonials were of two colors, white and blue. On Saturday afternoon at one o'clock all those who got white testimonials and wished to go back to their homes in Yokohama, lined up in the yard. After they had lined up, a teacher inspected each boy. Good-bye to those who did not keep themselves clean, for they were chased out of the ranks to join those who got blue testimonials!

On Sunday evening before four, all the boys who had returned to Yokohama, departed from their homes and gathered at Yokohama Station, where the teacher who had specially come down to fetch them was waiting, and then they boarded trains for Tokyo Station. When the boys left the Tokyo Station each one got on a rikisha. Watching them go back to the Morning Star School was a rare sight. About fifty rikishas each with a lantern proceeded in a row.

In September, 1901, Mr. Stoltz founded St. Joseph College here in Yokohama and became its first Director. Most of the foreign boys of the Morning Star School changed to St. Joseph, and the Morning Star School became the " Gyosei " exclusively for Japanese students.

H. Luther '33.

(*Chronicle continued on page 20*)

(Continuation of Chronicle)

The Typhoon of November 14th

Whoever lives in the Kanto Districts must remember the dreadful typhoon of November 14th. It was the strongest storm in the last ten years.

In spite of the storm, most of the college students were present that memorable 14th, excepting, of course, some boys who come from great distances.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the wind became furious; and the typhoon during the night was indeed a terror. Several electric posts were blown down; and so part of the city remained without lights through the night.

The next morning there followed a great calm, but the damage on all sides was awful. Nearly every house in Yokohama was injured in some way or other, and in many places people lost their lives.

The S. J. C. buildings, built of reinforced concrete, escaped with a few minor injuries, among which was a chapel window broken by a wooden pole, which had been hurled by the terrific wind against the window. The S.J.C. campus, however, suffered its bit. The fence, built but one year ago, of strong wire mesh, supported by reinforced concrete posts, gave away at one corner, and the water which had collected on the playground flowed through the opening, carrying with it part of the protecting wall. Thus even the fine fence which the Collegians thought could surely withstand the elements partly succumbed to that awful typhoon.

T. N'gai '33.

During the Hike:

Jokes Ed. (with Shoko and an inseparable "friend"): Gee! Shoko, this is a fine place for a picnic.

Shoko: You bet, twenty thousand mosquitoes could not be wrong.

Lady: (sympathetically) And for what are you in jail, my dear man?

Jail Bird: For slow driving, ma'am.

Lady: Ah! you mean for speeding?

Jail Bird: No! You see I "ditched" the car, and was driving it so slow that I was caught by the owner on a bicycle.

Gobo: Taisho, look here, I have had a knot for three weeks in this handkerchief; and I forgot of what the "consarn" knot was to remind me.

Taisho: Maybe to send the "hanky" to the laundry!

Mr. Fat (dining at Mr. John's house): Does your wife object to dogs?

Mr. John - Yes, she says that I feed all the dogs in town. Please don't be shy, help yourself.

(*Continued on page 24 of the ads.*)

(Continuation of Jokes)

Sick husband (talking in delirium): Am I in heaven?
Wife: No, dear, I am still with you.

Sunki: Say F...., lend me 5 bucks for 3 days.
F....: And what guarantee do I get?
Sunki: The word of a gentleman.
F....: Well, bring the gentleman, and get the 5.

Scotchman (rushes into the doctor's office and shouts): Oh! doctor, I've got a splinter in my tongue.
Doctor: How did you manage to get it there?
Scotchman: Well, you see, a man in the bar dropped a pint of whisky on the floor.

Answers to Brain-Splitters

(Refer to page 36)

1 Go to work.
2 A river.
3 Out their noses off.
4 A flea.
5 When it's "U" (you)
6 A dead cat.
7 A ham sandwich at a Jewish picnic.
8 Your breath.
9 A pack of cards.
10 Adam, because he was first in the human race.

Son (returning from college): "Father, do you remember that story you told me about being expelled trom college?
Father: "Yes, why?
Son: "Well, it's funny how history repeats itself.

昭和七年十二月十六日印刷
昭和七年十二月十九日發行

Editor & Publisher
編輯者兼發行者
Aloysius M. Soden
アロイシユス、エム、ソーデン

K. Onoe
44, Aioi-cho Nichome, Yokohama
横濱市中區相生町二丁目四十四番地
Printer
印刷者
尾上勝三

Onoe Printing Office
44, Aioi-cho Nichome, Yokohama
Tel. No. 2-5938
横濱市中區相生町二丁目四十四番地
Printing Office
印刷所
尾上印刷所
電話本局②五九三八番

横濱市中區山手町八十五番地
發行所
セントジョセフ學院
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